DOLLS & DOLLS

no. 8

$3.00

LOOKING FOR A BUNDLE OF BEAUTY,
A SATCHEL OF STORIES
AND A WAGONLOAD OF WIT?
THIS IS IT!



ADULTS ONLY



DOLLS & DOLLS
NUMBER EIGHT

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BASH
FOR
TWO
BARES





Gina Cavello and Shirley Jackson aren't half as mean as they pretend to be. They are professional roller skaters and are on the same team. The gals have to keep in good condition because the action is rough in the highly competitive sport.





Gina likes all participant sports and bowls well, plays tennis and golf when she has time. Shirley gets all her exercise skating and in her leisure time, prefers reading or watching TV. The gals are from Brooklyn and both enjoy the travel that their careers involve. The roller derby competition is a year-round sport and the gals have a few days between each new event to visit or take a brief vacation at nearby resorts.







The gals say that even though some of the "grudges" are phony, it is impossible to fake those spills and crashes into the railing. Gina and Shirley help each other get "the kinks" out and loosen up a few bruised muscles before each session. At times, they indulge in a little good-natured roughhouse, but the gals have become as close as if they were sisters.





The Flesh Trap

Cora was a lush and a pushover and all I had to do was to help her to find the guy that she'd sworn to kill!

By William C. Spatari

My new neighbor, Cora, finally chose to pay me a first visit here in our little colony. The Colony? Well, it's like the Malibu Colony out north of Santa Monica except we're not on the beach. We're snuggled in the Hollywood Hills above Sunset Boulevard.

We're mostly bachelors here with a few single girls who have their own small pads. Mine is a one bedroom house; a good deal—you know, a pad all my own, high fence privacy all around, swimming pool—real Hollywood style. The down payment was small so I got hooked. It was great for a few years, that is when my property tax was down around three bills per year but now, nearly a grand—but, back to Cora.

Cora sat across from me, not too careful about keeping her knees together. A spread knee girl in a swimsuit is one thing, but when a woman is fully clothed and you keep getting fleeting glimpses up her skirt every time she moves—well, that's more provocative than a whole Sunday in a nudist park.

Cora leaned over, unnecessarily low, to pick up her martini glass. "Mmmmm," she groaned, nearly passionately I thought, as she sipped with deliciously puckered full lips. "Mr. Johnson, you really *do* mix a glorious martini. So utterly smooth and dry—"

Bending low, as she did, to re-

place the cocktail on the coffee table before her, I knew she must be smooth all over. Cora knew the value of a low forward bend, especially with her kind of low cut neckline—well, there were no secrets.

She had a sort of way of puckering her lips when she spoke, and her voice seemed to throatily penetrate and vibrate deep down inside me. "You've a lovely snug little house, Mr. Johnson—"

"Jim—" I said. "We're practically neighbors Miss—?"

"Cora then, Jim," she replied.

"Okay, *Cora* then," I said. "First names are so much more comfortable, Cora—"

When she said, "Yes, so very, utterly intimate—" I couldn't help thinking what a sweetly angelic face Cora had. It had disturbed me—I had seen another like it and suddenly knew whose.

"You must be related to Donna," I blurted, adding quickly, "Oh, I'm sorry, Cora—"

"Was related," Cora said softly. *"Was*—I've gotten used to thinking of Donna as deceased now. Living in her little house down the path. Her intimate things all around. It was awfully difficult at first, but one can adjust to anything in a couple of months."

Looking at Cora's wistfully sad, angelic face while she evidently was reminiscing some silent reverie of her sister—well, it was difficult to believe what a pure, brazen wanton tramp she really was. During Cora's two months stay here, she had spent at least two nights with nearly everyone of the bachelors in the Colony.

At first I'd thought she was a professional, but in subsequent inevitable bachelor-to-bachelor gossip I had discovered this wasn't so—nor was Cora particularly oversexed according to my bachelor neighbors. She wasn't a tramp for pay nor sensually compelled to play. Just one of those puzzling female enigmas.

When she spoke again her eyes were still lowered, as if hooded with childhood memories. "I thought you might help me, Mr. Johnson—"

I reminded her of our mutually agreed upon first name basis and she picked up on it, continuing with, "Jim, I thought you might help. I've tried in the only way a woman can. I guess I've even become a tramp against all my principles. I was brought up very strict you know, awfully chaste until—"

She cut into a sigh, then silence. I gave the container of martinis a couple of shakes and poured our glasses full. Cora gulped thirstily now, and when I refilled her glass she leaned back on the couch, her breasts jutting, her knees further apart. I sat down quickly across from her and looked for all I was worth while I had the chance—naked inner thighs under a skirt, and cleavage above a low blouse. Pure art!

I was aware she had caught me staring when her eyes met mine. She said, "In two months I've become a lush—never had a drink before poor Donna—well, it hasn't done any good turning alcoholic tramp—I haven't found out anything."

Regaining my composure, I asked, "What are you trying to prove, lushing and—well, tramping. Are you trying to find out what made that sort of life attractive to Donna, trying to find a reason to forgive her now she's dead?"

"Donna wasn't a tramp!" Cora exclaimed defensively.

"I didn't mean that," I said hastily. "Donna drank a lot, that's all I meant."

"Well, maybe Donna did do a little more than lush," Cora said grudgingly. "She was three months pregnant when she died—"

She swallowed her new martini in one gulp; it was her sixth in less than an hour. I've seen people bleary-eyed with drink, but the gradual metamorphosis on Cora's angelic face was frightening—it was crazy, I mean crazy like insane obsession.

She fumbled in her purse and came up with a small caliber automatic pistol in her right hand. Her left fumbled out a wicked looking barber's straight razor!

"Help me find the fiend who killed Donna, Jim! Help me and I'll give you *anything* you want!" Cora said it with a hoarse, hissing grate in her voice that sent chills through me.

"Don't wave that thing around, please!" I said desperately. "An automatic—could go off—kill!"

"No," she replied grimly. "I've handled guns in the woods back home all my life. Daddy had a shooting range set up—he was a gun collector—showed me all about guns."

"Cora," I cried out, "for Pete's sake watch that razor, you'll cut yourself!" By now I was on my feet, yet hesitated to approacb her while she waved the gleaming, keen blade wildly. I've had drunken women on my hands, but Cora with her arsenal was something else.

She stabbed the gun forward and said wildly, "I'm going to hold this to his head and make him slash his own wrists with this razor—then I'm going to watch him bleed to death! Then I'll laugh and laugh and laugh for the first time since he murdered poor Donna!"

"Cora!" I shouted to bring her out of it, yet still not daring to approach her wildly wielded razor. "Cora! Nobody killed Donna! Coroner's report—she slit her own wrists! Cora! Snap out of it!"

She put the razor down on the coffee table, using her free hand to lift the cocktail shaker to her lips and drink voraciously. I knew I should stop ber; the seven or eight ounces of martinis left in that jug would only make her crazier when it finally coursed through her veins and reached her brain.

Issuing a little feminine belch, she put down the shaker and gasped out, "Help me find him, Jim—I'll make it really worth your while. You've seen all the Colony bachelors naked in the showers at the golf club—you could let me know who be is."

Her head suddenly slumped sideways on the backrest of the couch and I couldn't help thinking of Cora's angelic resemblance to her late sister—couldn't help remembering the way we found Donna. She had evidently wanted to be sure she'd either drown or bleed to death. Donna was dead in ber private little fenced-in swimming pool.

We had missed her for a couple of days and went to ask ber to a party at Bob's, a bachelor who bad a pad down the path in our Colony.

Anyway, it was weird and gruesome how deep-red just a few pints of human blood can dye forty or fifty thousand gallons of water.

Probably just coincidence rather than mind reading, but as I was thinking Bob's name, how he was the first to date Donna when she bought her pad last year, when Cora lifted her head and said, "Bob!"

"Bob, Cora? You think Bob—?"

She interrupted, "Bob—he's one I haven't slept with yet. I haven't seen his naked body—his hips!"

I could see by her eyes and twitches that the potent martinis were beginning to take hold. Slight tremors seized her body as the delayed action caught up with her nervous system. "Bob's hips?" I said stupidly.

"Donna wrote about her new boyfriend," Cora said. It was evident she was fighting against passing out cold. She went on valiantly in her struggle to stay conscious. "Donna was in love finally—" Cora had to drop the gun and blade to grip the edge of the low table. She looked like the room might be spinning and I sympathized because I've been that drunk. She was bent low and I got an excellent view down her blouse—magnificent, they were. I'd never taken a woman when she was passed out, nor any other woman for quite awhile, for that matter.

Cora's words were drunkenly thick, weakly garbled, "I'll get him if it takes all my life!" Then she seemed to recall my question regarding Bob's hips.

"Donna's lover must have been a sailor—she wrote about the cute chain tattooed across his hips with a tattoo of an anchor on his behind. I gotta sleep with Bob to find out. All the others if I have to—" Cora's elbows could no longer support her when she bent over the table gripping its edge.

"Please, Mr. Johnson, I don't want to sleep with anyone if I don't like him—please help me—tell me who's got the chain tattoo—"

She sagged onto the table, her voluptuous breasts flattened out to the sides. I cupped them in my hands in the pretense of helping her lean back against the couch backrest.

"You like those, Mr. Johnson," she said drunkenly, trying to sound sexy as she unbuttoned her blouse. Her words were sloppy moist, but her breasts jutted firm and smooth.

"Have them," she invited; then bargained, "and if you tell me who's got the chain tattoo—have all of me—"

"I can't, Cora," I said. "Auto accident, a nerve in my spine—I'm impotent—"

"I'm sorry," Cora said. "It couldn't have been you made Donna pregnant—made her kill herself, 'cause like she wrote, wouldn't marry—he said it could be any other guy's baby."

"I'm sorry too, Cora," I said hoarsely. "You're lush and desirable—"

"I just wanted to get your pants down," she replied, almost incoherent now. "I just thought maybe you had a chain tattooed on—but it couldn't be impotent you—"

I held the martini shaker to her mouth, letting her sip the dregs of the cocktail. Waiting for her to pass out, I thought of my Navy boot camp days in San Diego Naval Station. That was a wild time for Navy boots, our first trip into town after eight weeks of restriction—getting sick drunk on schooners of beer, the penny arcade, the tattoo booth—us daring each other to brave the needle and get tattooed like real old salts of the sea—

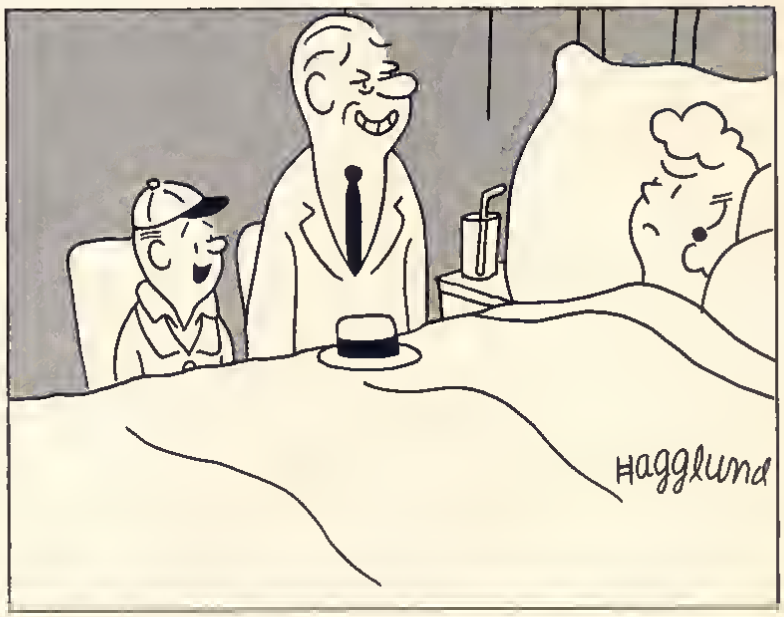
I carried Cora's unconscious body to my bed and stripped her nude. Removing all of my clothes, I looked down on my bare hips, shuddering at how close I had been to death, how close to death if Cora had seen my naked hips. I knew she was capable of carrying out her revenge for Donna no matter how long she had to wait.

I remembered her crazy eyes, her gun, the wicked, gleaming straight razor blade and it made the bluish tattooed chain around my hips feel real, the anchor tattooed on my backside became heavy as cast iron in my imagination. Cora's retaliation for Donna would have been inexorably relentless if she knew about my tattooed chain of flesh.

Her eyes still closed, Cora said coherently, evenly cool, "Never try to outdrink a lady lush—I knew by the gleam in your eye when you ogled my places you couldn't possibly be very impotent—"

With desperate haste, I shut off the bedlamp before she could open her eyes and see my tattoo—

"Anchors aweigh, SAILOR—I'm patient—I'll get you in my own good time—" ●●●



"I'll be glad when you get out of the hospital, Mommy . . . so daddy will start sleeping at home again!"

Mod Maid From Manchester







This mod model from Manchester has all England abuzz. She launched out on a one-gal crusade to do away with measurements for models a la "Twiggy." Lena Ellis found that she had little trouble attracting the attention of many designers, for she wears the mod and mini styles as well as any of the slender models. She's been a fashion model for years, used most frequently to model high fashion and afternoon wear, but she's now showing that she can add zing to any casual or sports outfit also. Lena was fortunate in being chosen as the girl in a series of ads for a popular, moderately priced line of ladieswear which is marketed as Manchester Maid, and now works closer to her childhood home.







When she first began modeling, Lena spent two weeks in Los Angeles, trying to find an agency to handle her career here in America. Assignments called her back to England before she accomplished this and now, her big ambition is to return to our country. She fell in love with southern California and her agent in Manchester is preparing a folio of her photographs which Lena will present to agencies here, this summer.









THE VANISHING GAMBLING MAN

By Clete David

The real gamblers are as hard to find as a winner at a Nevada casino, but there are still guys and dolls who'll go all the way.

For at least a century and a quarter, ever since the first elegant side wheelers steamed up and down the Father of Waters, America has had a beau ideal image of the professional gambling man.

He sported a shining top hat and equally well shined small black mustache and patent leather footwear. His black broadcloth swallowtail suit was tailored to his whipcord lean figure. He wore a gold brocaded waistcoat, a black string tie and an immaculate ruffled shirt with a glittering diamond stud.



James Garner represented the old-time, dashing gambling man as Brett Maverick in the successful TV series called *Maverick*. Today's gambler is a far cry from this image.

In one sleeve he carried a fine white cambric handkerchief, in the other a silver mounted derringer, either one of which he could draw under the pressure of necessity with a flick of long, delicate fingers, faster than the human eye could follow.

He was Gaylord Ravenal in Edna Ferber's *Show Boat*, portrayed by a multitude of actors; he was Tyrone Power in the screen version of a Frank Yerby novel, he was Brett Maverick played by James Garner in the celebrated TV series of a decade ago.

If his gaudy waistcoat (his sleeves were already overcrowded with handkerchief and derringer) contained extra aces in a secret inner pocket, if his gold ring with its immense stone did double duty on occasion as a mirror in which to read his opponents' cards, if he was not always above dealing from the middle or bottom of the deck . . . well, you knew he was only employing such underhanded techniques because the game was rigged against him.

He won or lost huge stakes without visible change of expression, he drank like a porpoise without stagger or lisp, he usually had a high-born plantation belle or a lovely mulatto girl concealed in a cabin. There she waited patiently for him to finish play and drift into her arms with the sophisticated indifference that had won her heart at the risk of her life.

The professional gambler of yore was in reality a brawling, cheating, hell-for-leather man, ready to kill or run, whichever seemed the better way at the moment.

Doc Holliday was the prototype of many a storybook or movie gambler. He gambled recklessly, drank heavily, risked his life at every turn —but only because he was dying from tuberculosis, and had vowed he would never die in bed. (Strangely enough, he did, drinking whiskey and saying: "This is funny—")

He had a rough code of honor, limited by the crude cowtowns or riverboats he worked his craft in, and, when and where circumstances permitted, he was a "gentleman."

So, the image is not entirely false, but it is a far cry from the typical 20th-century gambler. Today's "big gamblers" are seldom seen. Try and find one in a Nevada casino; try to find the big gamblers behind your neighborhood bookies. Just try.

One of the first of the big gamblers in the century was Arnold Rothstein. A punk from New York, Arnold rose to such heights that he was able to "fix" the 1919 World Series, although he was never convicted of it. He was reputed to have bet more than two million dollars on the 1928 election which was won by Herbert Hoover, but he died before he could collect on his winnings.

Rothstein was a poolroom hustler, and a damned good one, winning many thousands of dollars from the best around. He was pudgy, slovenly in his dress and habits; nothing like the "flashy" gambler of another day. But be would bet on anything, and he too had a certain code of honor. He died with a bellyful of lead, as many movie gamblers did, with his lips tightly sealed as to who had finally dealt him out of the game.

From the time of Rothstein's sudden death until his own demise from natural causes at an advanced age, the most publicized major league gambler in America was a gentleman named Nikolas Dandolos, better known as "Nick the Greek."

Unquestionably Nick was a great gambler, a human lightning calculator who could compute and maneuver percentages so well that syndicates of wealthy men were for long decades quite content to let him risk their money at high-stakes play.

But in face, physique and garb, Nick was a far, far cry from Gaylord Ravenal. He was a somber, inconspicuous little blue-chinned man who liked to read fine literature when not gambling; who lived the austere life of a male nun, never drank and preferred hotel room isolation to the bright lights.

He gave generously of his winnings by endowing penniless young fellow nationals with university scholarships. But—this was a *gambling man?*

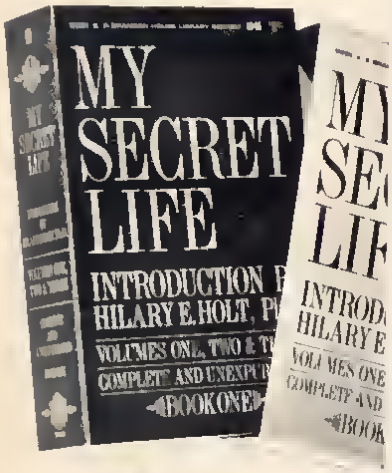
This was a walking bookkeeper, a machine!



One of the greatest gamblers, Arnold Rothstein, lived and died by the code of the gamblers.



The Secret Memoirs of an Improper Victorian



Introduction by Hilary E. Holt, Ph.D.

Because the anonymous author's posthumous instructions to destroy his memoirs unread were disobeyed, historians were provided with an amazing and valuable sociological and psychological document that reveals the secret sex life of 19th century England as candidly as a Kinsey Report — in simpler language.

But, for a long time MY SECRET LIFE was one of the rarest, most expensive books ever printed — until Brandon House began making soft cover facsimile-type reproductions available, complete and unexpurgated, at a price canny connoisseurs can afford. Book One, containing the first three volumes (over 900 pages) and an exclusive introduction is now available in a handsome protective box.

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Protégée of producer Darryl Zanuck, actress Bella Darvi succumbed to gambling fever which almost wrecked her career. Ladies are often the biggest bettors.

Gambling and gamblers traditionally have drawn beautiful women as the traditional flame draws moths. The most colorful and illustrious star in French theatrical history, the "Divine" Sarah Bernhardt, was for most of her life a compulsive gambler.

Sarah's celebrated insistence that she be paid in gold coin in advance of every performance was not dictated by greed . . . it was dictated by a gambler's ever-present need for plenty of ready money, close at hand.

At the very peak of her career, when she was earning hundreds of thousands of dollars (and pounds and francs) a year, Sarah plunged so frequently and unfortunately at Monte Carlo that she was penniless.

Her admirers were so shocked and distressed that one of them, a member of the celebrated Rothschild international banking clan, came to her rescue. He bailed her out and took over management of her earnings until both he and Sarah were in the black again.

Currently, lovely and gifted film actress Bella Darvi, a discovery of Hollywood's Darryl Zanuck, has virtually forfeited a promising and lucrative career by her addiction to roulette and *chemin de fer*. She sought surcease in suicide a few seasons back and failed to make it.

But apparently she lacks both the Bernhardt genius and the Bernhardt

(continued on page 72)

CANDY'S THE CANDID KIND

Candy Borden is candid and proud of the fact that she is a much sought-after nude model. She began by posing for art classes in Paris, France, while studying art.





By the time she discovered that she was not going to make it as an artist, Candy had already become popular with several French artists and without realizing it, she was automatically tied into a successful modeling career. Soon, commercial photographers discovered her many charms and Candy's face and figure graced many European ads. She's been so busy with her jobs that she hasn't had time to have any regrets. Now, she dabbles in watercolors and oils as a hobby. She frames the better efforts and gives them to friends as gifts.







A BODY FOR BETRAYAL

By E. A. BOGART / Jill was sexy and willing, and only a fool would pass her up, but even a fool like me can spot a "long green" killer's trap!

Artists get used to meeting pick-ups. Something "Bohemian" about us attracts them, I guess. This Helen Orme had given me the usual pitch; bringing her painting gear next to mine on the beach and letting me know how good I was. She was quick to let me know she thought I'd be good in bed, too.

Not quite that bluntly, of course. She just happened to have "a small place, but the light was good for painting—"

So we ended up by me driving her to an artists' hangout called The Veranda, for what I promised myself would be a farewell drink.

Helen knew almost everyone there, but I forgot all about her when I


They didn't say enough to let me know what their little game was but I knew that I was "It".

got a look at the waitress. A magnificent job with tawny hair, perfect eyebrows, emerald eyes—and a body that couldn't be described. Helen pouted as she told me the girl's name was Jill York. It was obvious that Helen had unsheathed her knife for this goddess.

As if to wash out the sweet taste of Jill, a fat, ugly, gross-featured woman came over, and Helen introduced her as Ethel Ville, the American owner of the place. Talk about "the ugly American!"

She seemed awfully interested in me, Bob Scott, a would-be artist adrift in England, but I cut her off short. I wanted to get to know this Jill York better—a lot better.

I wanted to shed Helen Orme and be free to return and operate on my own. "Let's go," I said. "I'll take you home." Helen didn't like it, but she hadn't much of a choice. As I climbed into the seat of my car, I noted a slip of paper on the seat. I slipped it into my pocket unnoticed.

I guess I was downright rude in my anxiety to be rid of Helen and read the note. I had a hunch it was from Jill. Maybe the way she had looked at me.

"Just let me off at your place," Helen said huffily when I asked her where she wanted to be let out. I wasn't going to argue, so I kept it light.

"It's been grand, dear," I grinned. "I'll look you up if I ever need a nice, well-lit place to paint."

In my room, I read the note. "If you need a place a stay, try No. 11 Tregorrie Road. 9 p.m. J.Y."

Would I? Man! I was so eager, I decided I'd look up Tregorrie Road now, while it was daylight—and I'd be on time that night, you can bet.

When I went out to the car, Helen was sitting there.

"Look, Bob," she said pleadingly, "I'm no tramp. My father supports my art studies very well. It was one of those things—fate or whatever. I am offering myself, my place—but not the way you think—not as a one-night fling."

"I stopped believing in Santa Claus a long time ago, sweetie."

"You're going to her!" she accused angrily.

I shrugged. "So—? Sue me."

Tears were running down her cheeks. She looked into my face hopelessly for a full minute, then she reached into the back seat, got her sketch box and easel, jumped out of the car and ran down the road. I watched her until she was out of sight. My God! I thought; well, if she's on the level, all I can say is her daddy had made a big mistake, letting her leave home.

The next six hours were a nightmare.

I was impatient, too nervous to eat. I skipped supper, so when, at ten to nine, I finally turned into Tregorrie Road, I was in great shape. It was dark as ink, and lights showed in the houses along the street. I pulled up before No. 11 and walked up to the door on rubber legs.

She must have been watching for me because the door opened almost as soon as I twisted the bell.

"Hi," she said huskily. "I see you got my note."

She was turned slightly so that the hall light accentuated the curve of her figure.

I followed her through the hall and into a room at the back which was lighted by a single, shaded lamp.

She sat on the bed and leaned back on her elbows. "Make yourself comfortable," she said.

I stared at her. "Thanks."

She looked at me. "So you're an artist," she said finally.

I nodded.

She laughed her sensuous, controlled laugh.

If I had been even half as smart as I used to think I was, right then I would have asked "Why?" or "How much?"

Instead, I walked to the bed, lay back on it, pulled her over on me, and buried my face in the musky-smelling burnished hair. The next half hour I spent in heaven with her.

I must have gone to sleep shortly after, and sometime later I became aware of her sliding out of bed. I roused myself and was going to speak to her, but stopped short when I saw the pinpoint of a pocket flashlight and knew by the sounds that she was going through my clothes. At first I thought it was just a good, old-fashioned rolling, and I was about to get out of bed and crack her head open, but before I could move, she tiptoed over to the door, and it was then that I heard the other voice, a wheezy whisper. They didn't say enough to let me know what their little game was; just enough that I knew whatever it was, I'd been IT.

"Oh for God's sake, you mean he *is* a college kid!"

"So it seems. Of course we can't be absolutely sure, Ethel."

"He ask any questions?"

"Not one."

"He's either A-1 clever or he's clean. Naw, what the hell, they aren't *that* smart, who should know better than you and me! Forget him. Come on."

Jill came back into the room, over to the bed, and flashed the light on me. I played dead; and apparently satisfied I was still asleep, she replaced my wallet and stuff and went back out, closing the door softly behind her. The wheezing grew fainter; and as soon as I couldn't hear it anymore, I shot out of that bed like I'd been catapulted. I wasn't even really thinking what I was doing. I was just so mad I couldn't see straight. They weren't going to make a Charley out of me and get away with it!

I switched on the light, pulled on my clothes and sprinted for the car. I halfway expected to see it gone, but it was where I'd left it; and as I jammed myself under the steering wheel, I caught a glimpse of red disappearing around the corner at the end of the street. I shoved the Morris into gear and ground after it.

For the next half hour I alternately lost, then caught sight of the red wagon. When it slowed to turn into the road which led to The Veranda, I drove on past, turned off onto a parallel road a little further on, and drove until I came to The Veranda from another direction.

Circling around to the back, I edged up to an open window through which artificial light was streaming. Suddenly I heard Ethel Ville's voice, wheezy with excitement, saying:

"Jill, baby, as soon as I deliver this little package to Mr. Thomas, we're gonna have a ball and take us a little vacation."

I couldn't make out the reply, but after a moment Ethel Ville said, "Well, I'm gonna give Thomas a buzz. I've decided I don't want the stuff lying around here the rest of the night. Even though your boyfriend checked out clean, it's got me kinda antsy. I want to get rid of the stuff right away. We've been lucky so far, and I'm not gonna press it."

I heard her pick up the phone receiver. "Hell-o, give me St. Mary's, the Black Horse . . . Hell-o, I want to talk to Mr. Thomas." A pause, then: "Thomas? Your oils are here. No, not tomorrow, tonight —as soon as I can get to The Point. Of course I know what time it is. Look, it couldn't be brighter if it was broad daylight. You'll have Longships and Wolf and you're not flying a 727. What more do you want, police searchlights? I know I said tomorrow, but I've changed my mind. It's gonna be tonight or not at all, so if you want this stuff, you get that chopper going and get over there."

Ethel Ville said, "I'll meet you near the Head in about half, three-quarters of an hour," and slammed down the receiver.

After that, everything was quiet —too quiet. It was weird. I waited for a few seconds, my ears straining for any stray sound, and then I decided to chance a look. A second later I knew I'd made a bad mistake: looking through the window, I found myself staring straight into Ethel Ville's puffy, red-rimmed eyes. As I took in the mirthless grimace, the pudgy fingers on the fat hips, something poked into my back; and Jill's sultry voice, with a sharp edge to it now, said, "All right, Lover; inside."

I turned and marched obediently through the back doorway and into the room. Ethel Ville stood by the window, her bulk convulsed by silent laughter, a big chubby hand lying protectively on top of a package on the desk. "Well, well, Mr. Scott! We've been expecting you. You know, you guys are always a real setup for a little play-acting—take the bait even before it hits the water! But I gotta admit you boys are getting better at your cover of late. And you were real convincing, better than average—but dumb like all the others." She shook her head in mock concern.

Her laughter finally subsided, and she peered at me as if I were some sort of biological specimen. "Not very talkative, either, is he? Frisk him."

Jill York handed her gun to Ethel Ville, and going around behind me, ran her hands expertly over my body. "He's clean, Ethel."

"My, my," I said snidely, "you're good at all kinds of things, aren't you!"

"Shut up!" barked Ethel Ville. She picked up the package, came over to me, and waved it around under my nose. "This what you're looking for, hot shot?" she said.

"I don't know," I said. "What is it?"

"What is it? Well, it's paint, honey! You might say it's Red paint." She emitted a short, chilling rumble. "To you practical minded boys, botulism bacilli, all done up fancy in these oil paint tubes. Clever, hub! And on their way to our fighting men in Vietnam."

"You goddamn dirty Red," I blurted, sounding just like one of the super-dooper flaggy boys.

"Red? Red!" she wheezed. "Honey, I ain't no Red. I'm just a loyal Green, strictly cash, that is. I don't know why you dumb Feds have to see a Commie under every bush."

"Look," I said more calmly. "I don't know who you think I am . . ."

She cut me off. "Oh, we know what you are, honey." To the girl she said, "You keep that gun on him while I check to be sure he didn't bring anybody with him."

Jill said, "I looked around when I was out, but I didn't see anybody else. And he seems to be a loner."

Ethel Ville's pig eyes narrowed. "You're forgetting that girl Helen. If he didn't bring her with him, we'll have to take care of her later."

"Helen has nothing to do with any of this," I shouted. "My God, I never laid eyes on her till yesterday!"

Ethel Ville ignored my outburst. "When I get back, we'll take him to the basement and take care of *him* there."

She picked up her precious package and waddled out the door.

"Get your hands out where I can see them," Jill ordered.

I jerked my hands out of my pockets. "Anything you say, Doll."

Instinctively, I knew I'd have to make my move now, while we were alone and she thought I was too paralyzed to do anything, or forget it and go sheep-like to my own slaughter. I took a couple of steps toward her.

"Stop right there," she commanded.

I shrugged my shaking shoulders, then lunged, driving my fist straight into her stomach. She doubled up all right, but she held onto the gun like death. I grabbed her arm, and we struggled frantically. I couldn't believe how strong she was. If I hadn't got her in the stomach, she'd have flattened me so fast I wouldn't even have known what hit me. As it was, with me life-and-death desperate, things were just about even. I twisted her arm around, trying to make her drop the gun. Suddenly there was a crack. She straightened up, staring at me wide-eyed for a second, then clutched at her middle and pitched forward. That was all.

As I looked down at her—the tawny hair, the line of her thighs, her long, tapered legs—I felt like crying.

But not for long. I heard the rasping voice shout, "Jill, Baby, are you all right?" and the scraping, lumbering clomp. I grabbed up the gun and dived behind the desk. I couldn't see her, but I could tell from the sound of air being sucked into those great lungs that she had seen the still form on the floor. She uttered a short, half choking, half sobbing burst of profanity. Then I heard her break into a thundering lope, and I made a break for the front door.

I was just in time to see her struggling to wedge her bulk into the driver's seat of the station wagon. As she hit the starter, she fired through the open car window. The bullet hit the door casing, and I ducked back inside. She threw the car into gear, and the wagon circled the clearing and roared around the bend.

I leaped through the doorway, lost my footing, and rolled down the

(continued on page 63)

STAR-COVERED CUTIE

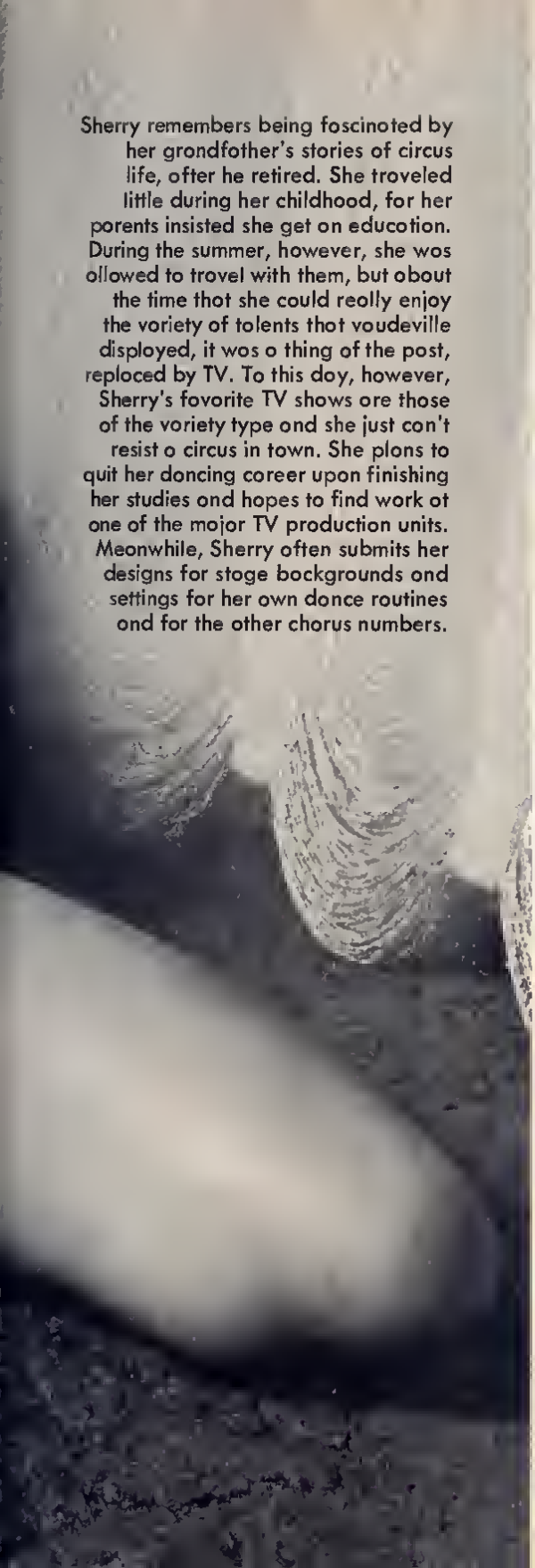
This third generotion show biz gol feels she is destined for stordom. Sherry Gront's folks were vaudevillians ond her grandporents were performers in a circus, sa she hos show business in her blood. Sherry is on accomplished dancer ond is also o versotile mimic, but her reol interest in show biz lies in set decorating. She dances, os she soys, "for the rent money," while she studies theoter orts. Potrons of the clubs where she is featured wish she'd remoin a dancer.







Sherry remembers being foscinoted by her grondfother's stories of circus life, ofter he retired. She troveled little during her childhood, for her porents insisted she get on educotion. During the summer, however, she wos ollowed to trovel with them, but obout the time thot she could reolly enjoy the voriety of tolents thot voudeville disployed, it wos o thing of the post, reploced by TV. To this doy, however, Sherry's fovorite TV shows ore those of the voriety type ond she just con't resist o circus in town. She plons to quit her doncing coreer upon finishing her studies ond hopes to find work ot one of the mojor TV production units. Meonwhile, Sherry often submits her designs for stoge bockgrounds ond settings for her own donce routines ond for the other chorus numbers.







FRIENDS, LOVERS and MAMA'S BOYS

By Marv Strick

Whatever type they see up there on the screen, the gals want their men to emulate, whether it's the boy next door type, the Don Juan or the two-fisted, untamed roughneck, and nobody knows what'll be next.

Hollywood has very often been called the "Dream Capital" of the world, and most aptly, because in this city, dreams are manufactured every day that influence the lives and loves of millions of popcorn chompers.

Ever since the movies brought pictures to the screen, audiences everywhere have been measuring their standards by those set up in Hollywood. The latest fads in lingerie, hair styles, love techniques, and bathtub fixtures are all dictated by the experts setting the pace in Cinemaland.

When Cecil B. DeMille featured Gloria Swanson in a series of bathtub and boudoir epics, he set the standards for interior decorators all over the world. When Rudolph Valentino wore slave bracelets to proclaim his offscreen love, millions of imitation "sheiks" pomaded their hair and followed suit. When Clark Gable preferred a bare chest to wearing an undershirt in *It Happened One Night,* he nearly drove part of the garment industry out of business as a result.



For a decade, Rudolph Valentino was the silent screen's "dream lover" who set hair styles and lovemaking fads. Above, with Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand.*

Because of the popularity of the "star system" in Hollywood, one of the most influeotial effects the glamour city has on the public is to dictate what constitutes the ultimate in masculinity, causing many a young miss to ruin her life by waiting for a "dream man" comparable to her current Hollywood idol to come along. What she doeso't realize is that *every* dream man ends up in Hollywood, where it pays to look good and smile pretty. The leftovers who stay behind all lack that certain *something* that makes the screen—and women's eyeballs—light up when the charm is turned on.

As a result, statistics are glutted with disappointed Juliets, both single and married, who haven't been able to distinguish reality from hero worship when it comes to finding their Romeo.

During the heyday of Hollywood's influence, the "King" was MGM's answer to Apollo, Clark Gable. But the first matinee idol to earn that title was Francis X. Bushman, way back in 1915, when a national poll elected him "King of the Movies", crowning him officially at both the San Diego and San Francisco expositions that year.

At the peak of his vogue, Bushman employed eighteen secretaries to answer the letters lovesick women wrote to him, with a young Louella Parsons as the head of his secretarial staff. In those days, the "King" rode around in the largest automobile in the world, a custom-built Marmon.

Painted an unmistakable royal purple, the car had all of its visible metal parts gold-plated, with the name FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN boldly lettered in gold!

Bushman epitomized one of the three basic types of Hollywood masculinity: the Greek God, with classic features and physique. In fact, before becoming a movie idol he had earned a living posing for sculptors, and it was one of the statues of him that caught the eye of a talent scout and put Bushman where the big money was being made. And Bushman proceeded to make and spend it on a scale never equalled

by any of his successors. In five years he piled up more than six million dollars! And it has been estimated that his total earnings when on top were close to ten million!

In those days, ladies took their screen lovers more seriously than the stars would have liked. To stay on top in Hollywood, a reel-life Romeo had to be maritally available, so that his adoring female fans could imagine they had a chance to woo and win him, if the fates decreed. Unfortunately for Bushman, when he sued his first wife for divorce in 1918 to marry his favorite leading lady, the public learned for the first time that he was *not* the available lothario his publicists bad cracked him up to be; and overnight the career of the first "King of the Movies" went into a permanent tailspin.



Clark Gable, Tully Marshall and Jean Harlow in *Red Dust*. Gable was "King".



Ramon Navarro typified the clean-cut type while Francis X. Bushman was famed for his classic "Greek god" profile. Famous chariot race scene from *Ben Hur*.

Next on the list of screen Casanovas was the Latin lover, Rudolph Valentino, the second basic type of Hollywood masculinity: the "pretty-boy" type. Whereas Bushman had been Apollo, Valentino was Adonis, a sensual satyr who seemed to be equal parts he-man and she-man!

It seems appropriate that Bushman had started as a sculptor's model, personifying his Green God appeal; while Valentino started as a taxi driver and gigolo before getting his break in the silent epic *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. But whereas Bushman was the perfect but unattainable classic example of physical perfection, Valentino was the classic example of the illicit lover, the man under the bed who pops up as soon as hubby leaves in the morning.



Rough, tough, rugged Kirk Douglas roughs Janet Leigh in *The Vikings*.

Women were thrilled by Valentino's lovemaking techniques, even though their male movie partners may have been nauseated by Rudy's ultra-femininity. But whatever bis own sexual preference may have been, it is certain that he started the trend in Hollywood masculinity from he-men to she-men.

Following in Valentino's footsteps during the last years of the silent era were other "pretty-boy" types, particularly Ramon Navarro and John Gilbert. But when "talkies" came at the end of the '20's, these squeaky-voiced Romeos were chased from the screen by a bunch of males whose baritones matched their biceps.

Sound motion pictures arrived simultaneously with the depression, Prohibition, and gangsterism. As a result, the popular he-men on the screen became the "tough guys", who could dish it out—and take it, as well. These were the super he-men who didn't mind slapping around a "broad" if she deserved it; who knew how to treat a "dame" if the occasion demanded. James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, and Clark Gable became the epitome of Hollywood masculinity during this era,

representing the 100% he-man in all sizes.

During this time, the most realistic depiction of the ideal male ever portrayed on the screen took place. For the first time in movie history lovers could be as short as the guy down the street, as plain-spoken as the guy next door, and as ill-mannered as the guy upstairs. For this reason, both men and women could identify with the actors who personified these types, causing the careers of these super-stars to last longer than any others, before or since.

But the era of the "tough guy" caused a new trend in Hollywood's version of masculinity that was as dangerous as the earlier one in which the she-men held forth. The problem with projecting the "tough guy" image was that a certain amount of sadism had to be displayed, particularly when it came to putting the "broads" in their places with a well-deserved smack in the face or slap on the butt. The first generation of "tough guys" tempered these outbursts with scenes of warmth and compassion, showing they were nice guys underneath their brawn.

When a second generation of "tough guys" took over in the late '40s, woman beating came into its own as a purely "sick", sadistic



Marlon Brando usually plays the "hard guy", love-em-and-leave-em type hero.

kick. The new breed of "tough guys": Kirk Douglas, Jack Palance, Richard Widmark, Marlon Brando, and Richard Burton, acted like they hated women's guts and needed a psychiatrist's couch more than they needed a loveseat.

As the brawny display of masculinity became increasingly neurotic, so did the other side of the coin. The new generation of "pretty-boy" types: Tony Curtis, Tab Hunter, and Troy Donahue, looked like they needed to be weaned instead of wined. For the first time in the history of movie masculinity, the role of the lover had been switched from man to woman. No longer did female fans want to be smothered and smooched by the Romeos of the screen; instead, they wanted to mother the cherubic Casanovas dished up by the Dream Capital!

The change had been slowly coming ever since women first donned long pants and replaced man in the offices and factories during World War II. Once having proven they could work as well as men, they wanted to take over the masculine way of life wherever possible. The second generation of movie "tough guys" provided vicarious punishment for their masculine egos in the sadistic slappings given the women on the screen. The second generation of "pretty-boys" provided just the kind of passive dream lovers gals could dominate with their newfound freedom. Between these two types of Hollywood males, the women had it made!



Jack Palance began his film career as a "heavy" and as the tough guy came into popularity as the one who got the girl, he attained stature as a leading man.

Television didn't help matters any, either. Beginning with the first successful situation family comedy series: *I Love Lucy*, husbands and boyfriends were constantly depicted as lovable but stupid pups whose physical prowess was questionable and whose mechanical aptitude was nil. In most TV shows, it was the wife who ran the house, with both she and her children merely putting up with Daddy.

Of course, the emasculation of the male in movies and on television would be ridiculous—if it weren't true. The trouble is, it's so close to being true it hurts! Today, with manual labor at a minimum, thanks to the machine age; and with even brainpower no longer a vital necessity thanks to the computer age; man has ceased to play the dominant role in society. His masculinity —as well as his mental prowess— has become outdated; and man himself is fast becoming a quaint relic of a bygone era.

There is nothing masculine about



Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen in *Love With A Proper Stranger*. McQueen is the type actor who appeals to female fans, whether playing a hero or a villain.

a man in a gray flannel suit or a button down coat with a tab collar. There is nothing masculine about a man punching a typewriter or pushing a pencil. In short, there is little left in business at which a successful man can feel masculine. And, unfortunately, *financial success* is part of man's present image as an ideal mate.

The few he-men left in Hollywood know this; and you'll never catch them portraying the high-class man of today in their movie or TV roles! Robert Mitchum, Burt Lancaster, Paul Newman, and the few other super-stars still capable of realistically flexing their muscles, confine their acting to parts reserved for he-men: cowboys, Indians, soldiers of fortune, rebels with or without a cause.

A few of the more foolhardy, like Rock Hudson, James Garner, and Peter O'Toole, have tried to be all things to all women by mixing their he-man roles with puppy dog comedies in which they invariably star with Doris Day. But this is playing into the hands of the so-called weaker sex; and the results can be disastrous!

A few others, like Steve McQueen and Alejandro Rey, have tried the difficult combination of being "tough guy/pretty boy" types. When they make it, they have only their past experiences in real life to thank, which give their performances the authority needed to be convincing. McQueen, for example, *was* a tough guy in his youth, choosing acting over gangsterism as his future only after he had tasted the disadvantages of life in a disciplinary type of private school.

Today, the barometer recording the fate of civilization's he-man is Hollywood. When society can adjust itself to find a place in life for masculinity, a new generation of Bogarts and Gables will find its way to the screen. Otherwise, if man is doomed to becoming a cuddle-bunny for his mate, Hollywood will be the first place to indicate it, as the popularity of the she-man will continue its upward climb. Long hair and feminine ready-to-wear have already appeared on the scene, thanks to the Beatles and their imitators. How much further man will allow himself to be dragged to the role of a total she-man remains to be seen.

And the Hollywood movie and TV screen is the place to watch for the answer. ●●●



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Temptress for Tonight

Cheryl Scott is truly an international beauty, commuting between such fashion centers as Paris, London and New York.







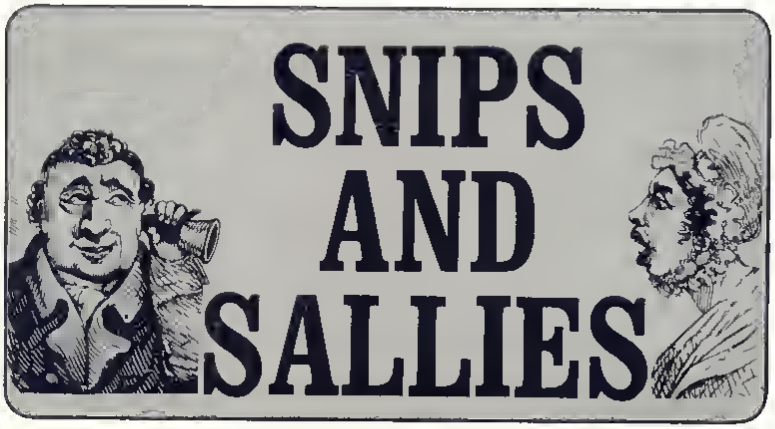
We were fortunate to have Miss Scott as one of our featured gals this issue, for she is one of the busiest models in the world. She's a native of Gary, Indiana, and is as all-American as apple pie.











MAID'S NIGHT IN

Bobby's mother had been away for a couple of weeks and was questioning her small son about events during her absence.

"Well, one night we had a thunderstorm, and I was scared, so daddy and me slept together."

The pretty young maid corrected him: "Bobby, you mean daddy and I."

"No," said Bobby. "That was last Thursday. I'm talking about Monday night."

QUICKIES

We know a college professor who claims that you'll always have a student body where you find a faculty for making love.

Some girls get a lot out of a dress —and leave it out.

The guy who first said "You can't take it with you" had probably never met an old maid.

Some girls fight against being kissed, while others just take it laying down.

In Hollywood, a stalemate is last year's mate.

COOL IT

There is a new organization called "Athletics Anonymous." When a member gets the urge to play baseball, golf, or anything else involving physical activity, they send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.

THAT'S THE WAY

The man in the lower berth was awakened by a tapping from above.

"What the hell do you want?" he called grumpily.

"I'm so cold. Would you please go and get me an extra blanket?" the female voice replied.

"I've got a better idea," he said sleepily, "let's pretend we're married."

"Why, I think that would be lovely," came the sugary reply.

"Good," he said, rolling over. "Now go get your own damned blanket."

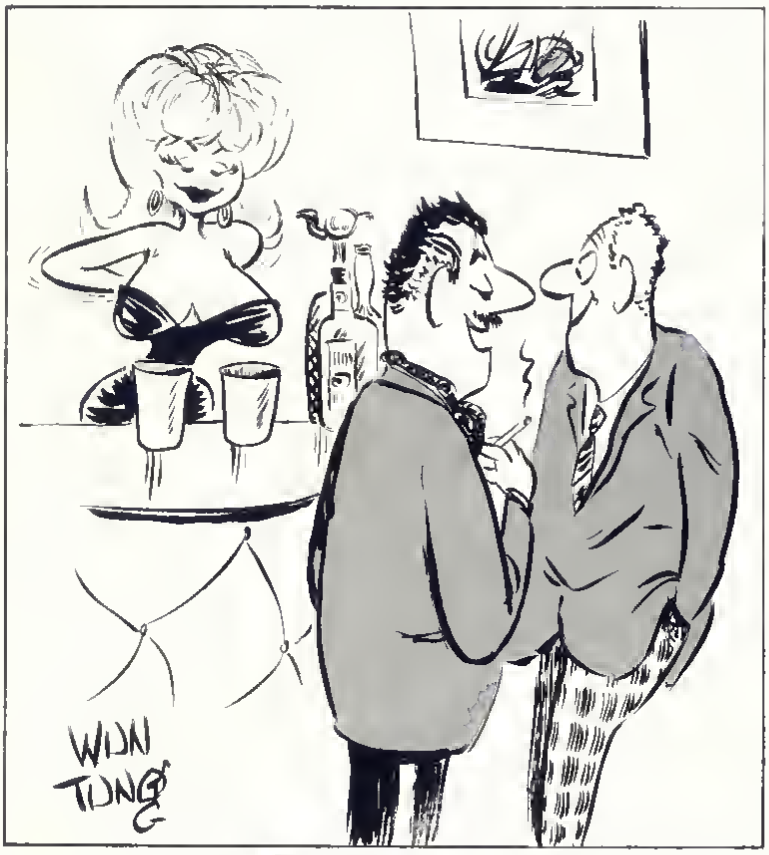
SENTIMENTAL

The bartender began to note that the same guy came in every noon hour and ordered two martinis. Finally, he grew curious and he asked the customer why he drank two martinis, instead of having a double.

"Sentiment," was the reply. "You see, a few weeks ago, my best friend died and he asked me to always have one for him when I drank. So, I have one for him and one for myself."

A few days later, he appeared, and ordered just one martini.

The bartender served it and asked



"Nobody in town can mix a drink like my Elsa—now, watch this"

curiously, "What about your buddy?"

"Oh, that's his drink," the man replied as he sipped the drink appreciatively. "I'm on the wagon these days."

COMPETITION

The pretty but sexy maid had just been fired by her mistress.

"You just fired me because I'm prettier than you," the miffed miss accused.

"Who told you that?" the employer asked.

"Your husband. And besides—I'm better in bed than you."

"My husband told you that?" the startled employer gasped.

"No," the dismissed miss snapped back, "the chauffeur did!"

OFF LIMITS

They were at the senior prom, when the scholarly and dull guy missed his girl friend. After inquiring, he was told that she had gone outside with the big, brash football hero.

He finally discovered them in a cozy corner, and the football man was making wild love to the girl.

"Look, big shot," the scholar said, "you can have my girl for all I care, but get your grubby hand the hell off my fraternity pin!"

FLOORED

The guy was talking with his buddy about the new apartment he had rented. He admitted that he had allowed his girlfriend to buy all the furnishings and decorations.

"She did pretty well," he said, "but I did get burned up at her for forgetting a most important item. I had her on the carpet because she forgot to get a studio couch."

PROPER IDENTIFICATION

Two guys were talking about their sex lives.

"I never did have sex relations with my wife before we were married," one said. "Did you?"

"I don't know," the other replied, "What was her maiden name?" ●●●



"It's gorgeous, Mr. Bozang—is it a gift or do I have to fight you for it?"



"I'll have to ask you to leave, Ma'am—you're bothering the giraffes."



TWO FOR THE SKIN SHOW

Jill and Brenda make rehearsals a fun time when they change routines in the show they appear in together. And both of them like to design and sew their own costumes, which adds to the enjoyment of putting together a different dance routine. The gals have completely different measurements, so they cannot borrow one another's clothes, but they often make duplicate dance costumes for the "strip duets" they perform. They became friends while applying for roles in a Broadway musical and have worked many nightclubs as a dance team.







Show business can be a lonely life when it means traveling about from city to city, but this pair share quarters wherever they go and quickly make a place "homey" with their individual touch. Jill is the better cook and usually handles that job, while Brenda likes the keeping of the house, so it works out fine for the gals. Both gals like television and movies, and when they can, they also get in a swim daily. They are saving their money in hopes of one day opening a beauty shop.







The Night Beat

WACKY, WONDERFUL WORLD

STRIPPED STRIPPER CAN'T STRIP. After the Hallandale, Florida Police learned that Jo Ann Dare, whom they had chosen Queen of the Policemen's Ball, was in fact, a stripper at a Fort Lauderdale nightclub, they quickly stripped the stripper of her title.

NOW LOOK WHAT THE FASHION DESIGNERS HAVE DONE! West Germany's biggest strip club and restaurant recently closed down. Said the owner, "With women's clothes getting skimpier and skimpier, who needs strippers? The miniskirt was the last straw. Any man with two eyes can see all he wants of half-naked women, all day, all night long."

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE: TO CHANGE HER MIND. We accept that, but an Ohio woman is abusing the privilege. She married her husband Hugh, in 1940, divorced him in 1945, remarried him in 1950, redivorced him in 1951. Then, in 1954, she re-remarried him and, yep—shed him once more in 1956. But in 1958, they married once again and hit the divorce courts in 1959; married in 1960 and split again in 1961. Now, they are still together after a 1963 wedding. A marriage counsellor told the judge that their home is so loaded with wedding and shower gifts that they hardly have room to sit or sleep.

SEXY DREAMS ARE GOOD FOR YOU! So says Dr. Walter R. Stokes, noted expert on sex hygiene. Dreams provide an outlet for sexual tension, he claims, and the mental activity that takes place during dreams is good for mental health. His tests show that the frequency of exotic sex dreams has no relationship with the frequency of the sex act itself. So, next time that sexy blonde secretary appears in your dreams, buddy, relax and enjoy it. One word of caution: better not tell the wife about it next morning!

MEDICAL MILES

AMERICANS ARE BECOMING PROSPERITY "FATSOS." The U.S. Public Health Service recently published a book, *Obesity and Health* in which they state that the basic cause of too-fat persons is still eating too much. With laborsaving gadgets, autos, too much TV, etc., we don't get the exercise to burn up the rich foods we can afford—and do eat. Docs say that one out of every four Americans is overweight, and the cause is gluttony The answer: eat less and exercise more.

AMERICANS ARE BIGGER AND BETTER. From birth on, today's child, boy or girl, is seven percent taller and about 14 percent heavier; from young manhood on, today's man is 10 percent taller and 20 percent heavier than his grandparents, on the average.

HOW THE PILL AFFECTS YOUR MORTGAGE. In London, England, a magazine article recently revealed that mortgage and loan companies tended to favor larger long-term loans to couples where the wife took the oral contraceptive. Not that they are promoting the pill, but they feel that most young couples apply for mortgages counting on their *joint incomes*, and takers of "the pill" will have a lengthier joint earning capacity, because they will not start families early.

THE WAY THE ODDBALLS BOUNCE

SOMETHING NEW IN SEX EDUCATION CLASSES. The police of several big cities are reporting "sex classes" that are for real. Seems the students watch, then engage in sex acts, with suggestions and help from prostitutes who've been checked by doctors. Well, we always said you can't learn *any sport* from reading a book on the subject.

A LOT OF GUYS HAVE THE IDEA THAT women in the lower paying, less dignified jobs have looser morals Not so, say the sexologists. Gals like waitresses, car-

The late Bill Bendix and Dee Hartford with Groucho Marx. Guess what scores of women said about Groucho's charm?



bops, salesgirls, etc. are too pooped when they finish a day's work to be very excited about sex. Some married women claim that sex after work is a punishment, not a pleasure.

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, MEN. A Dr. G. V. Hamilton, studying a large group of Chicago couples who had been married several years found that 33 percent of the women said they were sick and tired of sex with their husbands. Only 12 percent of the men said they didn't get a kick out of sex with their wives. No wonder all the wife-swapping clubs!

THE HOMELY GUY IS "IN" AT LAST. Handsomeness has nothing to do with a man's attractiveness for a woman, the majority of 4200 women tested claimed. "A certain cool—bearing and attitude is what really turns me on," said most. Proof? The two most named "attractive males" were Jean Paul Belmondo and—Groucho Marx!

YEAH, BUT IS THE MUSIC GOOD? Recently, the first topless quartette (and topless male conductor) came from France and played a series of concerts across the U.S. Said first violinist Michèle Andrè: "I feel closer to Bach, my favorite, when I am partially undressed—and, I can bow more freely." Wonder what they do for an encore?

PLAIN AS BLACK AND WHITE. Carlo Ponti, producer and husband of Sophia Loren, had a battle with American censors over showing a scene where Virni Lisi was stripped to the waist. He pointed out that the scene in *The Pawnbroker* was not challenged, in which bare breasts were shown. One censor pointed out: "Yes, but the bare breasts in *The Pawnbroker* were black, not white." Now—this is carrying discrimination just a little too far, you bluenoses!

ONE CANDIDATE WITH NOTHING TO HIDE. Louis Abolafia, a bona fide nudist, is going around trying to get his name on the ballot as "The Nude Candidate For President." His platform includes a "cosmic love ticket for art, beauty, culture and love."

A ROUND WORLD CAN GO FLAT

BOOZERS, AFRICA AIN'T FOR YOU! In Rhodesia, South Africa, anyone can lodge a complaint against a boozer who has been convicted of drunkenness three times within a year. A judge can then fine the drinker up to $560 and a year in jail!

WAR IS HELL—ANYWHERE. When Israeli troops occupied the Gaza Strip towns after their lightning war, many Israeli gals quickly moved into towns to be near their men. The Arabs were so incensed at the miniskirts that a new war seemed imminent, so the Israel government banned them and warned the women to wear long, unsexy dresses.



The rugged manliness of French actor Jean Paul Belmondo gives him a certain "bearing" that fascinates the ladies.

MORE BOOBYTRAPS FOR MEN. It's hard to be surprised at what women wear or don't wear these days, but the latest fad, "Pop Pants" are eye-openers, to say the least. On the undergarments we call panties, the Treo Co. (who made a three cup bra for advertising purposes) now introduces wild "pop art." Some have two monstrous eyes, huge hamburgers with mustard, painted zippers, ice-cream cones and the Stars and Stripes. We think we'll see them, because art is no fun, when only you know you have it on.

AND REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO SAMSON! We don't mind the longhairs like the Beatles, although they are kidding themselves if they think they look masculine. What bugs us is what is happening to an American institution—the barber shop. Once, you could find a spittoon near your chair, read the *Police Gazette*, join in singing, etc. Now, they've tossed all those standbys out, installed soft music, even have lady barbers. And, so help us, now they use hair spray on the guys' locks.

YOU TOO MAY BE A SON OF A WITCH! In England, the "in" thing is to be a witch or the son of a witch. Both sexes are called witches, and they actually have guilds. At big meetings, witches gather around a bonfire in the woods, take off their clothes and dance about in wild abandon. Sounds like fun, if you can stand those hot sparks on your bare skin. Some witches carry nasty-looking swords and if somebody sneezes during one of the orgiastic shindigs, it could call for a witch doctor. Probably a common expression would be: "Well, I'm a sonofawitch!"

LIFESAVER, TIME-SAVER, MONEY SAVER. That's what the new aerosol spray Vermouth mist is. For those who like their martinis very dry, you get a can of the spray-on Vermouth, give a small whiff to the bottom of the glass and pour in the gin. A three-a-day martini man can save about $40 a year, as the stuff costs about a penny a squirt. Now, why don't they work on a good five cent shot of gin? That way, most of us could really build a savings account—and happily, too. ●●●

SHIPSHAPE SIREN





a Sheldrake is a walking ad
the body conditioning salon
manages and she can't take
chances on losing that trim
m. Oddly, Cora is so busy
supervising the activities
he patrons that she finds
e time to exercise at her
salon. She takes advantage
er own secluded patio for
e mild calisthenics and a
uent session of sunbathing.



Cora has always been athletic and plays a teriffic game of tennis and shoots in the low eighties on a golf course. As a girl in Minnesota, she had hopes of being a professional ice skater and appearing in one of the ice extravaganzas, but she had to work for her education and that dream faded. Cora likes working with women and has devised her own special series of exercises for weight control and body conditioning. She feels that this is an important adjunct to maintaining an overall loveliness.



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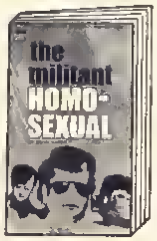
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SLICK CHICK in CHECKS

Vanessa Parks has had a liking for checks since she had her first checkered gingham dress as a tiny girl. Clothes are an important part of Van's life for she manages a small ladies' dress shop and makes frequent buying trips to fashion centers like Paris, London, Dallas and New York City.



Van's shop is in Joplin, Missouri, where she was raised, and when she isn't busy buying or selling clothing she can often be found at a golf course or, summer or winter, at the ladies' gym using the pool and the figure-conditioning equipment. Van isn't much for spectator sports, but she does follow the fortunes of the St. Louis Cardinals on TV and in person if they are playing when she is in New York or Los Angeles. On the quiet side, this miss likes classical music.





The wild antics of Daffy and Dizzy Dean earned them their nicknames, but on the field the brothers were phenomenal.



LOTS OF US THINK THAT IF WE GOT THE RIGHT "BREAK" WE'D HAVE IT MADE, BUT IT TAKES A LOT OF TALENT TO GET THAT BREAK AND EVEN MORE TO STAY ON TOP ONCE YOU DO MAKE IT.

BY MATT LEE

BIG BREAKS and



BAD BETS

You hear it along the counter in Schwab's celebrated drugstore at the foot of Hollywood's Laurel Canyon. You hear it in saloons in Boston and Brooklyn, at businessmen's lunch spots the length of the land and in parked cars and bedrooms throughout its breadth after dark.

"Just one real break . . . then watch my smoke!"

The only members of the population who don't dream of being, at least briefly, fortune's fools, are the very young, the very old . . . and those few who have found themselves spiraling up there toward the heights on the crest of some tornado of luck.

They come up like mortar shots, seemingly out of nowhere, all too often without adequate preparation for the ordeals of spectacular success. Whether or not they stay up there once they've made it depends upon an indeterminate number of wild factors, not the least of them being personality, character and training.

Adaptability, too, rates high on tbe list . . . for as often as not a winning personality downstairs may prove disastrous in the penthouse of human affairs . . . or vice versa. An austere character may be catastrophic in a lavish expense-account environment, and not infrequently some destiny's tot finds him or herself way up there in a field for which training has been otherwise directed.

At best, sudden success, like sudden failure, demands wrenching personal readjustment . . . those who have known both spins of the big wheel, in fact, tend to agree that immense good luck is more difficult to accept than the reverse.

But worst of all, to those who have tasted fame, is the drop into deep obscurity that has embittered so many.

How many people today, for instance, know whether or not "Mysterious" Montague is still alive? How many today know who or what he was? How many care?

For the record, Montague was a chunky, powerful pre-World War Two phenomenon who, for a time, was widely reputed to be the greatest golfer in the world. His antecedents were unknown and he had never played in a sanctioned tournament.

Yet, according to Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and a group of reputable and rich citizens, who had lost large sums of money to Montgue on various links, he could beat the best, such as Tommy Armour, Byron Nelson and Craig Wood (then the biggest names in professional golf) combined over eighteen holes.

Suddenly, it seemed as if the entire country were Mysterious Montague conscious. The fact that he showed little desire for the publicity most people court made him all the more alluring. News stories about him filled the sporting pages via the syndicated wires. Crosby and Hope and scores of other entertainers of sporting bent discussed him on network air shows.

Finally *Collier's,* then a major national weekly magazine, ran a story about him with photographs.

That was Montague's undoing. The reason for his shyness became all too apparent. He was quickly recognized and identified as a man who, some years before, had done time on a confidence conviction and had, before that and under another name, served briefly as a utility infielder with the Boston Braves.

That was the end of Mysterious Montague. The bloom was off the rose, the image irretrievably tarnished. He was as good as ever hitting a golf ball under pressure . . . but no reputable country club would let him into its parking lot; no millionaire would bet skills against him. He vanished.

Or how about Marion Talley? Remember her?

In 1922, the little mining town of Shelby, Montana, in a burst of civic pride, decided to put itself on the map by staging a heavyweight championship bout between then-titleholder Jack Dempsey and agile veteran, Tommy Gibbons.

The bout was a fiasco, fought outdoors under a broiling sun. Dempsey managed to win a dull fight on points and the expenses of the dreary bout put Shelby in a financial hole from which it did not recover until World War Two, if then.

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But the big-time newsmen were all out there, most of them bored stiff for days before the battle. And there, in a hash house, masquerading temporarily as a cabaret, a covey of them heard a pursy-faced little girl warble a couple of Puccini arias and decided she was of operatic caliber.

Having nothing better to do, they plotted a campaign to make Marion famous . . . and damned near succeeded. At least they made her notorious, and what girl with operatic ambitions could ask for more?

They got her an audition at the Met . . . and she failed miserably. They did wangle her a movie contract of sorts, and Marion did sing in the first sound films . . . a series of shorts released by Warner Brothers in 1924 in connection with the big-city road showings of John Barrymore in *Don Juan*.

To put it bluntly, poor Marion just didn't have the horses to take advantage of her big break. She vanished almost as rapidly as she made the big scene.

Montague and Marion Talley were two of the unlucky ones . . . Montague betrayed by the publicity which revealed a spotty past, Marion by near total lack of talent.

Sometimes, after a fashion, fortune seems to repeat herself with wildly varying results . . . as in the cases of Lindbergh and "Wrong Way" Corrigan.

Both won instant nationwide fame by doing exactly the same thing . . . flying the Atlantic solo. If Lindbergh was the first to accomplish the feat, back in 1927, Corrigan added an embellishment eleven years later that more than made up for the lapse of time.

Taking off from Newark, he filed a flight plan for Los Angeles, disappeared into the clouds . . . and turned up the next day in Ireland!

"Wrong Way" Corrigan was instantly famous . . . but where Lindbergh went on to lasting eminence, not unmixed with deep personal tragedy and public odium, Corrigan disappeared as soon as the public echoes of his fabulous stunt faded out.

He had the daring, he accomplished an astounding feat for the time . . . he was also a fine flyer. But he missed, perhaps because his personality lacked the stamp of greatness, perhaps because he lacked Lindbergh's chilled-steel purpose.

However, in proving unable to grasp fame, Corrigan was far from alone.

Who, today, remembers Navy Commander Richard E. Hobson? Mighty few . . . yet Hobson, along with Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Dewey, was one of the three big-time "heroes" the Spanish-American War turned up.

He tried to blockade Admiral Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, by sinking a freighter across the narrow exit channel. He was taken prisoner and, at the time, was acclaimed as a second Stephen Decatur . . . this despite the fact that the vessel he sank failed to obstruct the channel.

A good looking young man, upon his return from brief captivity, he was given an authentic hero's welcome, and became the target of a nationwide wave of feminine adulation. Everywhere he went, for months, girls and women would mob and embrace him.

But when the kissing stopped, the news stories ceased, and Hob-

John Montague with Babe Ruth. He built golfing rep on trick shot joke.





Grace Metalious and daughter. Author of *Peyton Place* couldn't handle fame.

son might as well have become the invisible man.

How many can recall Art Shires? This handsome, pugnacious young ballplayer (he served at first base briefly for both the Chicago White Sox and the Boston Braves) earned nationwide notoriety during the early Thirties, not by his baseball talents, which were mediocre, but by a brash personal publicity campaign backed by a pair of ready fists.

He nicknamed himself "The Great" and seems to have believed his self-generated advertising. He fought opponents, teammates and umpires on the field . . . and ultimately knocked out balding Braves catcher Al Spohrer in a Boston prize ring before a packed house.

After a couple of other big-money fights with other ballplayers. whom he easily demolished, The Great was lured into a fight with a second-rate professional boxer . . . and knocked right out of the ring and the limelight.

Had his abilities either as a ballplayer or a pugilist lived up to his braggadocio, Shires might have developed into one of the most colorful sports figures of all time, but he simply didn't have the talent.

At almost the same time. another self-proclaimed baseball genius hit the national spotlight. A sharecropper's son from the Deep South, Jerome Hanna "Dizzy" Dean was virtually unknown save to St. Louis Cardinal fans at the outset of the 1934 season.

He won wide publicity, not unmixed with hoots and jeers, when he predicted that he and his rookie kid brother, Paul "Daffy" Dean, between them, would win forty-five games that year. Then the two of them proceeded to pitch the Cardinals into a pennant by racking up forty-nine wins, a fat thirty of them Dizzy's.

When they won all four Cardinal victories in the World Series against Detroit, Dizzy was a great man . . . and where Shires' eccentricities were often offensive, Ol' Diz's were folk-whimsical and delightful.

Although his great pitching career was curtailed by injuries incurred in an All Star game, Dean achieved enduring fame and long-lasting fat income as a radio and TV sports announcer.

How many people today could tell you the identities of Luise Rainer, Riley and Farley or Grace Metalious?

Miss Rainer won two successive Hollywood Oscars . . . playing Anna Held in *The Great Ziegfeld* and the long-suffering O Lan in *The Good Earth*. This fine, fragile, previously unheard-of Austrian actress was the hottest thing in show business.

And that was that. If she ever made another movie in America, nobody ever heard of it. In fact, nobody ever heard of Luise Rainer after her big double-break. What happened to her professionally remains a mystery to this day. Probably, even with two Oscars, her personality proved to be a box-office disaster.

Mike Riley was a fair jazz trombone player, Farley a ditto trumpet man. Refugees from Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees (remember *them?),* they organized a combo and went into the then-famed Onyx Club on West Fifty-second Street. There, they featured a wacky number called *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round,* a goofy vocal



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thing based on the anatomy of the French horn.

Well, the number swept the country like a raging forest fire, and its echoes were heard for years afterward. Riley and Farley became big shots by 1935, coining money hand over fist. Hollywood beckoned. and it looked as if they were off for the big ride. They appeared to have the personalities, the lack of inhibition, the experience and the talent for a major pop music development.

But before long, they became bogged down in litigation, and it developed that they had lifted their prize number from a vocal group with another orchestra, merely tossing in the wacky lyrics . . . nor were they ever able to come through with a follow-up.

They faded as fast as they came on. But, oh, they were on strong for a while.

The case of Grace Metalious is not only more recent but more pitiful. This young New Hampshire schoolteacher's wife painfully penned what she thought was the great American novel . . . and came up with *Peyton Place.*

Its phenomenal popular success a dozen years ago ran into millions of copies sold . . . and destroyed its author. Mrs. Metalious divorced her husband, remarried, got another divorce, took to drink. took sick and died. Her title and some of her characters remain alive on TV, of course, but how many of the millions who watch that twice-weekly show know who Grace Metalious was?

For some reason, authors who achieve sudden great success often find it hard to take. Some, like beautiful Kathleen Windsor *(Forever Amber)* struggle on for years amid ebbing royalties to repeat their success in vain. Others, like J. D. Salinger *(Catcher in the Rye)* find skyrocket fame so unnerving that tbey practically retire from tbe world.

In two cases, those of Ross Lockridge *(Raintree County)* and Hhomas Heggen *(Mr. Roberts),* novelists smitten with sudden undreamt of success bave actually taken their own lives in the very midst of their



Mike Riley and Ed Farley scored with *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round.*

glory . . . an attitude and act that the millions who long and struggle for any sort of break find not merely incomprehensible but downright insulting.

Probably at least as many upon whom fortune has bestowed her most dazzling smile have managed to hang onto her favors, adjust to them and take off from there. Among those who come readily to mind are Orson Welles (whose "Martian" radiocast made him a national sensation in 1938), Mary Martin (whose rendition of *My Heart Belongs To Daddy* made her a Broadway star overnight), Jinx Falkenberg (who parlayed a single magazine cover into a vastly profitable career), Julie Andrews (who needs cueing on *her*?) and Barbara Feldon (who won $64,000 on a TV quiz program and went on to a still-growing career as a model and a TV actress).

But apparently sudden success is difficult for even the best adjusted temperaments to handle. With acclaim and money come big-league headaches and all sorts of disruptive influences.

But is revelation of tbese problems going to stop all those millions from praying for that one big break?

You can bet your bottom dollar it isn't! ●●●

(continued from page 27)

steps. Pain went through me like a knife. I staggered to my feet, my right arm dangling, useless and throbbing. Swearing to myself, holding my arm and the gun,I raced toward the place where I'd left the Morris, threw the gun onto the seat beside me, kicked the starter, and turned on the headlights. Ethel Ville had a head start, but I was sure I knew where I was going. It had to be. She'd said Longships and Wolf. I pressed the accelerator to the floor. At least there wasn't any traffic this time of night.

I don't know how long I'd been driving when my headlights picked up the bright red rear of the station wagon. We were the only two cars on the road, and she seemed to know it was me behind her, for the wagon spurted ahead and careened wildly over the road.

At the crossroads which forms a sort of entrance to the headland, she suddenly left the road, swerving the car around on the flat terrain, and headed straight back toward me, her right arm out the window, a fat finger squeezing the trigger of a revolver as she came.

I plunged the brake to the floor boards, locking the wheels, ducked my head down beside the dashboard.

I heard the whoosh as she flew past and clanging thuds as bullets hit the body of the Morris. I sat up and turned, watching the rear lights whirl around again as she spun the car around, headed back onto the headland and toward an idling copter perched on the edge of the cliff about 40 feet to the south of me. The car skidded to a stop beside the helicopter and a figure ran from the copter to it. Ethel Ville was waddling like a half-mad duck, and they both ran back to the copter and scrambled into it.

Unlatching the door with my good hand, I slid myself as far over in the seat as I could, holding the door open with my shoulder, no longer even conscious of my useless arm. Then I ground the Morris into low, pressed down on the accelerator, jammed the stick into second, and roared toward the copter as its engine throttled up.

When I had the Morris dead-centered, I pitched myself sideways out the door, hit the dirt like a lead parachute, and rolled end over end, coming to rest just in time to see the Morris bullseye with a terrific crash. Then the whole jumbled mess, the Morris, the copter, Ethel Ville and her precious package, and Thomas, flew out over the cliff, hung suspended for a second before plunging out of sight to smash onto the rocks below.

The first thing I was conscious of was the pain—not exactly here or even there—sort of all over. I struggled to get my eyes open, to free myself from the fuzziness smothering me. Slowly I became aware of a blinding white, a little section of which was moving.

As the white moved away, something a darker color moved toward me. My vision was clearing enough for me to see they were the same mini and knee-high boots, and right at that moment they looked like home to me.

"Hi," she said. "You look awful."

"I feel awful," I said.

She laid her hand on mine. "Bob, there's some sort of policeman outside waiting to see you. Are you going to be in trouble?"

"Now, really, Helen," I said. "Take a good look at me and just tell me how I could possibly be in any kind of trouble."

There were a few seconds of silence, then she said haltingly, "Uh, I've been thinking. You know, you're going to need some place to recuperate, and, well, my place, it's small. . . ."

I picked it up, ". . . but it's got good light and it's near the harbor."

Somewhere along the nightmarish way I'd just come, something had clicked in my brain and I knew with a sort of calming certainty that I would be going home, all the way home, soon. I smiled, painfully, again. "Sounds like a place I ought to know."

She didn't try to hide her joy. "Oh, yes. It is, it is!"

I closed my eyes. "We'll see," I said, but I was thinking that good light, near the harhor, might be just what I needed; and who knew—I looked at Helen again—it might even turn out to be a pretty good convalescence! ●●●

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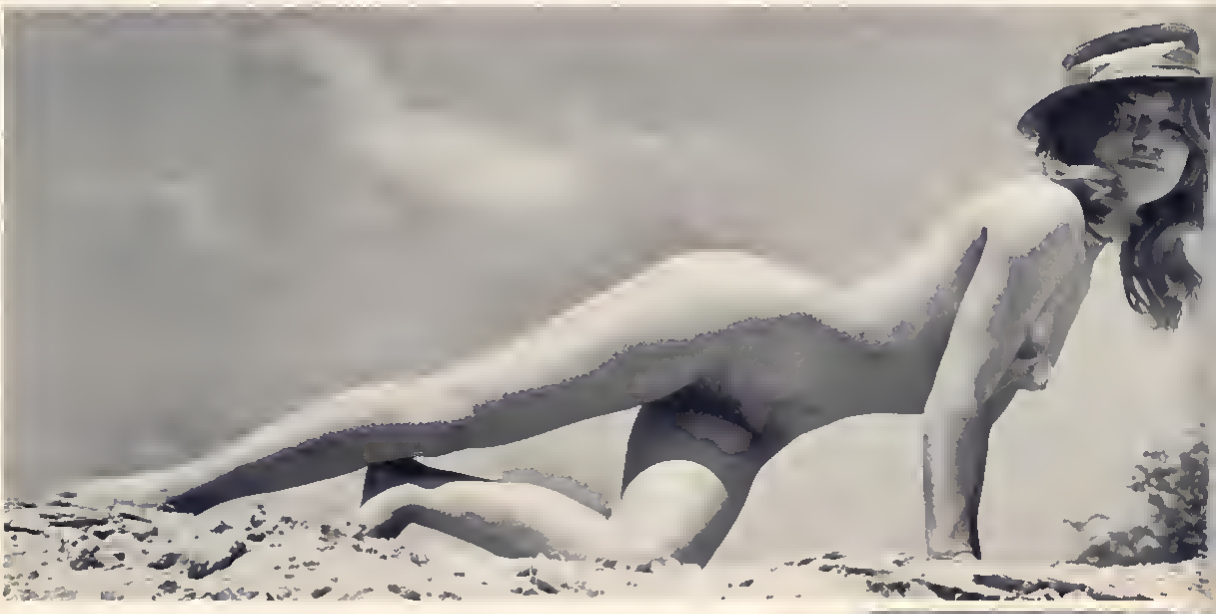
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By Bruce Fleming

If you hear lines like these, buddy, pack up before you end up as a setup!

"Dear, there's a letter here from the Internal Revenue Service. They're probably sending you a refund."

*

"Darling, even though I won the Miss America contest and the movie contract that goes with it, I'm turning them down just to stay with you."

*

"Don't worry, you'll never have any trouble with this used car. It was owned by a master mechanic who kept it in top condition."

*

"Blondes are always more fun."

*

"Stop worrying. My husband never comes in here."

*

"The weather is clear and it looks like we'll have a nice smooth flight."

*

"Your time in the Service will fly by."

*

"Two can live as cheaply as one."

*

"You'll love her. You two have so much in common."

*

"Don't be silly. My husband doesn't care if you want to practice mouth-to-mouth resuscitation with me."

*

"I could learn to love you if you spent enough on my education."

*

"I think your wife would make the best character witness we could find for you."

*

"I usually don't let a fellow get this far on the first date."

*

"In another few years, all these dames will look alike to you."

*

"Deal me in. I'll be back in a few minutes with some more cash."

*

"You just can't afford to be without this kind of insurance."

*

"How do you manage to look so young all the time?"

*

"All you need, darling, is a change. Why don't you give me a call the next time your wife takes a trip out of town?"

*

"Don't worry if you lost playing poker last night, honey. My mother gave me some money for my birthday, and I'm just going to slip it into your pocket."

*

"Darling, we've been living together for thirteen months — don't you think it's time we consolidated our record collections?"

*

"Don't pay any attention to what



the government says. If you want to tear up your draft card, you just go ahead and tear it up."

*

"You're the first man I've ever let come up to my apartment."

*

"Don't worry about a thing, sweetheart. I'm an expert at the rhythm method."

*

"It doesn't make any difference if you have luggage or not. We'll take your word that this girl is your wife."

*

"It doesn't make any difference what I want to do, darling. I want to do whatever YOU want to do."

*

"Of course my husband doesn't care if you drink up all his best bourbon. He bought it just for you."

*

"Goodness! It's 2:30 a.m.! It's time we were both in bed!"

*

"Don't push that side button and pull forward on the seat while pushing back on that handle on the side, or this couch will make into a bed."

*

"I know that you take out all kinds of gorgeous girls all the time, but I never thought you'd get around to little ol' me."

*

"Darling, I bought you this fishing outfit with the money I was saving for a wedding dress."

*

"I know you've never been to a woman doctor before, Mr. Smith, but frankly—I can't find a thing wrong with you. But if I may say so, the examination has been delightful."

*

"Darling, if I start to nag you too much, just belt me one."

*

"I just stopped in for a moment, sweetheart. I thought maybe you'd like to kiss the bride the night BEFORE I get married."

*

"My husband is away for the weekend. Would you like to come in and wait for him?"

*

"Keep your money in your pocket, Mac! The house is going to buy a couple of rounds."

*

"Mr. Smith, has any girl ever told you that you look delicious?"

*

"I think you're over-sexed, but I like that quality in a man."

*

"My missing husband? I not only reported his being missing to the Missing Persons Bureau, but I go from club to club almost every night looking for him so I can tell him I don't want to see him again."

*

"I forgive men who are mean to me."

*

"With me, sex appeal is in the brain."

*

"Darling, I'm beat! I spent the whole day trying to find a job so I can support you."

*

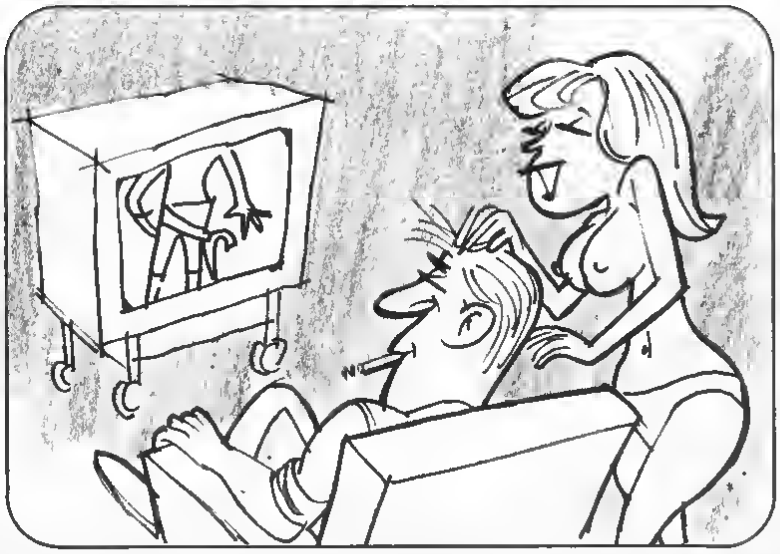
"My twin sister says she wants to go to Acapulco with us for the weekend. I hope you don't mind, but you'll find she likes to have just as much fun as I do."

*

"Aw, honey, turn off that television. I wanna neck!"

*

"You're a free man, darling. Go to your blondes and your brunettes and your redheads. I'm getting a divorce." ●●●




A
LOOK
AT
BETTY'S
BEST



Frilly lingerie and soft fur—that's Betty Price's only clothing hangup. She wears all styles well, from miniskirt to evening gown, but when she really feels "dressed" she must have fancy undies and be wearing her furs. She wears a waitress' uniform at work and can't wait to get home, shower and "dress up," often for a dinner and dance date. Betty favors the more conservative dance steps but when she's in the mood, she can do the livelier ones.

Betty works in Minneapolis and she finds that even in the summer, she can wear her furs in comfort. When the snow flies, she "really lives" as she puts it, for she is crazy about all winter sports. She is an excellent ice skater, skier, and she can handle a toboggan with the skill of an Olympic participant. In the summertime, she swims and golfs and she likes the night shift where she works because it leaves her plenty of time for her sports activities. Miss Price is a "contest nut" and claims she just can't resist entering them. She has won a few minor prizes and two years ago, she won a new sports car in a contest to name a new cosmetic lotion. All this makes Betty a very busy lady.







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 (continued from page 20)

iron will. At any rate, she has not been able to pick up her screen career where she dropped it.

The Dolly sisters, those high-kicking beauties who were once international celebrities, were heavy plungers at Monte Carlo, Deauville and other stops on the glitter circuit . . . and they gambled not only gaily but astutely, almost as if they were a couple of female "Nick the Greeks."

Go to Vegas today, and you'll see irresistible women at the hotel casino tables during prime time . . . but it's another safe bet that those who aren't house shills are looking for a winning male to pluck bone clean.

Most of the "dolls" you see will be around the rims, shapeless, unperfumed charlady types busily shoving coin after coin into the slot machines that frame the gaming rooms, hopefully carrying satchel-like handbags in which to catch any jackpot they so rarely hit.

It's still another safe wager that any man who enters the shirtsleeved premises of a Reno or Las Vegas casino in full evening garb will be mistaken for a beadwaiter and immediately pressed into service in the dining room.

Nor are the owners much better . . . those far enough out front for a visitor to get to see.

Once again, and lamentably, their lack of class is all too evident. And the more magnificent their establishments, the more gruesome the contrast with the patrons who frequent them.

Even in America, this was not always so . . . We have had, in the past, three great gambling masters who could take on the Gaylord Ravenals at any of the indoor sports in Hoyle's handbook of games and make them say uncle without turning a dishonest card or fixing a roulette wheel.

The first of these was big John "Smoke" Morrissey, who derived his nickname from a barroom brawl in which he was backed into a pot-bellied stove and had his clothing set afire.

Morrissey, a genial if hard-bitten type, for a time claimed the bare-knuckle heavyweight championship of the world; went on to acquire polish and poise, to found the nation's greatest gambling spa at Saratoga, to be accepted by Society and even to serve a term in Congress.



Famed music hall and vaudeville stars, the Dolly sisters were noted plungers.

He ran suave, civilized casinos in both New York City and Saratoga . . . but anyone who tried to crash the gates in less than full evening attire was politely but firmly refused entry, no matter how big his bankroll. His houses catered only to the opulent elite (or to folk willing to ape their attire and manners) and prospered greatly thereby. Although he died in early middle age, Smoke Morrissey was a millionaire in a time when that meant something.

His successor was Richard Canfield, a brilliant, self-educated gambler from Providence, Rhode Island. After operating successfully in Providence and Boston, Canfield failed

dismally in his first attempt to run a casino in Manhattan. He went home, made another stake and better political connections, and returned to conquer both New York and Saratoga.

Although he himself admitted, "I have the morals of an alley cat," Canfield operated with an integrity that caused him to be trusted implicitly by Vanderbilts, Astors, Belmonts, Goelets and other emperors of industry, society and high finance during the so-called Gilded Age that followed the Civil War. Nor would he admit to the premises anyone improperly attired.

His casinos were operated like immensely exclusive private clubs and even to be admitted meant a man was somebody. The finest foods and wines were served at all hours without charge, and so capably did Canfield operate until his death, early in the present century, that no whisper of gambling scandal ever touched his name.

His successor as the gambling czar of America was an immensely dignified Kentuckian, Colonel E. R. Bradley, who confined his gaming operations to Palm Beach during its palmiest decades, right down to World War Two. Thanks to its locale and clientele, Bradley's may well have been the most exclusive casino that ever existed anywhere.

Furthermore, the Colonel operated on a social level close to that of his élite customers, since he was one of the shrewdest racehorse owners and breeders in American history, with no fewer than four Kentucky Derby winners to his credit . . . a record yet to be matched by anyone else.

From such pinnacles, how far have our gambling men fallen?

Perhaps there is no place for such formality in this era of the shirt-sleeved man and the dowdy woman playing her slot machines. But surely, some of the integrity and good manners of the long and profitable Morrissey-Canfield-Bradley period could and should be incorporated into the operation of the buck-hungry casinos of Nevada.

Maybe we could even stand a few gamblers of the stamp of the fictional Gaylord Ravenal. ●●●

TONIGHT'S MAIL

Dear Editor:
Thanks for the fine article on the surfers, past and present. I've just taken up the sport and hope to become good enough to compete. Let's have more articles about water sports. They are neglected by most magazines.

R.W./San Diego, Calif.

Dear Mr. Mansure:
I found the article about Jimmy Durante informative and most enjoyable. He's been my favorite entertainer for many years, and this article gave a lot of Jimmy's early background I hadn't known about before. Good job.

J.O./St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor:
Although I enjoyed the article about wine, I beg to differ with author Lawrence about the "turn on" power of wine. I've found that the quickest drink to warm up a gal is good martinis. Makes sense, because they are "total booze." Also, the Italian people drink more wine than the French.

K.D./Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sir:
I liked the article about motels and the weird customers. It was funny when I read it. but my brother owns one, and he didn't see much humor in the wild things motel customers do. However, that's the way to handle a subject like that, with high good humor. Keep it up.

S.V./Miami, Fla.

Any gripes or gladhands? Send them to TONIGHT Editor, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif. 91605

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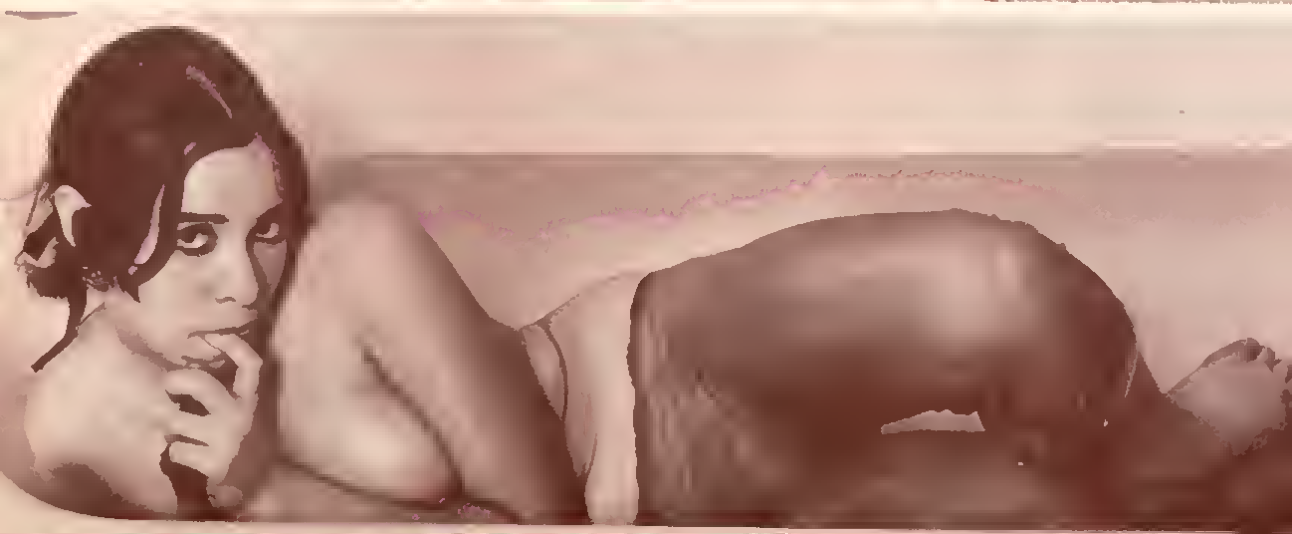
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June Larkin has been a tomboy ever since she can remember. "What else, being raised with five brothers?" she asks. She's from a North Dakota farm and had to pitch in with the chores along with her brothers. She also joined them in recreation and games and can ride, hunt, fish and play baseball as well as any male can.

Tub for a Tomboy







June works as a legal secretary in Chicago, but she still heads for the open country every time she has a few days off. "Something about a farm upbringing that never leaves one," she claims.



